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THE ORPHAN: OR, SELF-SACRIFICE.

It was one of those bright autumnal days, when the air is fresh and invigorating, and seems to add so much life and energy to our very being, that we left our bustling city by one of the broad avenues which lead to the adjoining towns, in pursuit of one whose services we desired to secure in that most feminine of occupations, the use of the needle. We soon arrived at a small and unpretending cottage, with a narrow strip of ground in front, filled to its utmost capacity with shrubs and flowers; while the mat of braided cloth upon the door step, told us plainly that no soiled foot was permitted to cross its threshold. Our knock was responded to by the smiling face of Emma W. herself, who invited us into an apartment as tastefully arranged as was consistent with the most rigid economy. Fresh flowers were on the table. Branches of hemlock, interspersed with the bright red berries of the asparagus, filled the fireplace, and beautifully tinted shells were grouped upon the mantel shelf.

Our object accomplished, we listened with interest to the history of the family. It was one which finds too many parallels in city life. They had known better days. By active industry, Mr. W. had gathered around his family every needed comfort. But a season of ill success came. One failure succeeded another, and brought on his own. Sickness and death

followed, and his only legacy to our Emma, his firstborn, was an invalid mother, and a sister upon whom the sunshine of health had never rested. The house in town was sold, their present residence obtained, and the noble girl tasked every energy that her infirm parent and delicate sister might not feel too keenly the adversity which had fallen upon them.

Opposite to Emma's dwelling was that of a young mechanic, who possessed few of this world's goods beyond his daily earnings, but who labored cheerfully, blessed with a kind heart, a thrifty wife, and one little prattler, who, with three apprentices, constituted his family. Professional business led him one day to a wretched tenement, in one room of which upon a sick bed lay a woman apparently in great suffering, and alone, with the exception of a little girl some eight years old, who sat beside her. This woman had left her home in a distant land to follow the fortunes of one who had fallen a victim to intemperance. Overcome by hard labor, and the brutal treatment of him who should have been her protector, the broken-hearted wife had become the easy prey of disease. The honest mechanic was touched by her simple story, and went away promising to send her a physician and some needful comforts. But it was too late; death had set his seal upon her. Mrs. M., the wife of her benefactor, came every day to see her, and to do her those kind offices which the poor so well perform for each other. "I could die happy," she said one day, as Mrs. M. sat beside her, with the little girl on her lap, "if my child could be taken care of, but the ocean is between her and my home." "I will be a mother to her," said Mrs. M. putting her arm lovingly about the little one. A gleam of joy shot across the face of the dying woman, and with a grateful "God bless you" on her lips, the voice was hushed, and the heart that had beat only in suffering and sorrow, was still forever.

The next day, as Emma W. was passing on her way to the city, a gentle tap upon the window arrested her steps, and with a kind "Good morning," Mrs. M. led her to the little crib where her adopted one was still sleeping.

"And do you really mean to take this child into your fami-

ly?" inquired Emma, when she had listened to the tale of its bereavement.

"Yes," replied her neighbor, "I have consulted with my husband, and we have concluded to do so. It will be some care, I know; but an hour earlier in the morning, or one later at night, is not much, and her food will make little difference in such a family as mine; I shall send her to the public school, and try to teach her to be useful, so that she can take care of herself when she is old enough."

"But her clothing," interrupted Emma.

"I have faith to believe that that too will be provided. The poor little thing has nothing now that can be called decent; but I have laid aside enough to purchase me a new cloak; I can certainly make my old one do for one more season, if there is necessity for it."

During all her long walk, Emma was endeavoring to devise some method by which the little orphan could be comfortably clothed for the winter, without infringing upon the new cloak which her kind-hearted neighbor so much needed. She thought over the contents of her own scanty wardrobe, and appropriated several articles she could ill spare, and sorrowed that they were not more abundant. "I cannot give her money," she thought, "for I have not enough yet to meet our quarter's rent. What can I do?" But there is no suffering soul, weighed down with its accumulated load of pain, poverty or sin, that the blessed spirit of self-sacrifice, earnestly asking, "What can I do?" may not soothe or relieve. Overcome by no obstacles, disheartened by no difficulties, it goes on its hallowed ministry patiently, hopefully, prayerfully, to the end. For many years had this spirit found a home in the heart of our friend Emma, and this was not the first time her powers had been exercised in behalf of some child of penury. That day she enlisted the sympathies of those for whom she worked, and a goodly sized parcel was the reward of her timid petition for aid. It was nine o'clock when Emma stopped at Mrs. M.'s door, and never did a city belle survey her brilliant ornaments with more evident satisfaction, than were these cast off garments surveyed

by these benevolent females. It took some time to take the dimensions and discuss the way in which they could be remodelled to the best advantage, and then, with a light step and a happy heart, Emma made one of the little circle at her home. With a feeling of wealth scarcely to be appreciated by those who aid the poor without personal sacrifice, Emma again spread out her treasures, and then thimble and needle were put in requisition, with as much alacrity as if they had not already seen twelve hours of active service. The mother and sister retired at their accustomed hour, but Emma sewed on steadily till the hands of the old clock in the corner pointed to midnight, and then, with a sigh that it was so late, read a portion of scripture, and mingling with her prayers a petition for the child who, deprived of an earthly, must depend upon a heavenly Parent, she sought her rest. And every night, until the little girl was supplied with her winter's garments, might that single light be seen gleaming from the window of the widow's cottage long after every one of its companions was extinguished. To neither of these poor females is this child bound by any ties of kindred or interest, yet we are sure that no effort will be wanting to make her not only a useful member of society, but a sincere Christian. God bless thee, little one!

We have recorded this little incident, simply because it is true, and because it presents two beautiful examples of self-sacrifice, such as we wish could more frequently be found. The value of this virtue, we might say its necessity, to the character, cannot be exaggerated. As all the faults of individuals, the evils of society, and the sins of nations, can be resolved into selfishness, so there is no grace of the Christian character in which this is not a component part. Believing then in its importance, let us inquire more closely into its nature and the sphere of its action. It is too lovely, too desirable not to have its counterfeits and imitations.

Every where in the world, much passes under its name which is not recognized as such by the eye of Omniscience. We have already given what we conceive to be an example of the self-sacrifice of benevolence. But this does not embrace

it in all its bearings. We look out upon society, and we see everywhere two classes, those who have more than they need, and those who suffer from want. It is obviously the duty of the one to minister to the necessities of the other. But the line between rich and poor is not thus broadly drawn in real life. The difficulty lies in knowing who has more than enough. Society creates artificial wants, which, if indulged, must abridge the power of rendering assistance to others. Now the soul that deliberately confines its wants to the smallest compass, that it may more abundantly relieve the poor, is surely exercising the spirit of self-sacrifice. But where shall we stop? We need not certainly, like Diogenes, throw away our wooden goblet because another can drink from the hand. But we should look thoughtfully into the great mass of moral and physical evil, and see how we can best appropriate and increase the limited means with which Providence has supplied us. If we have not money, we may, like Emma, give our time and efforts, and these, if contributed by judgment, may almost always win the means to any good cause. But what is most necessary is, that we analyze severely the motives which guide us, lest the drapery of kindness and good-will conceal the workings of selfish and unholy passions. Many benevolent enterprises are formed and carried forward, successfully too, which are prompted much more by a craving for the praise, or a fear of the censure of the world, than by this heavenly virtue. A genuine renunciation of self will lead us to search patiently for objects on which to expend our benevolent sympathies, however repulsive they may be to us, and however much they may encroach upon time which we had devoted to more pleasant pursuits. To seek for the least germ of good, although sin may have almost crushed it, and foster it with a watchful care; to relieve want, no matter how much it may diminish our luxuries; but more than all, to care for the sin-stricken soul,—for this we want a warmer sympathy with the spiritual progress of our kind. We need it in our homes, we need it in our friendships, but much more in our intercourse with the poor.

Another form in which self-sacrifice should be exhibited, is in the temper and disposition which we habitually cherish at home. In every family circle, however limited, there is always a variety of tastes, feelings and occupations, which will mingle discordantly, if there is not a yielding of favorite pursuits, and a constant self-control in each individual composing it. We would zealously obey if bidden to do some great thing; but few do not often murmur at the plain and simple duties which are involved in the domestic relations. Some occupy a false position in social life. There are many with high aims and holy purposes, who are thrown into daily companionship with those who cannot appreciate the delicate tracery of emotion and feeling, to whom intellectual taste, and spiritual aspirations, and longings after a better life, are all enigmas. The constant guarding of the thoughts, lest there be an enthusiasm expressed which shall meet only with ridicule, the careful measuring of the speech, lest it trespass beyond the facts of the working-day world, requires a degree of self-control that brings a bitterness which only experience can understand. To hold daily intercourse with those who are thus entirely beyond the pale of our sympathies, to treat them with gentleness and consideration, to speak to them with kindness, to utter no word of detraction, to exercise constantly the excusing spirit—this is self-sacrifice.

But the constancy with which this mental suffering wears upon the nicer sensibilities, the invisible struggles which go hand in hand with it, bring one to the verge of another error, which should be guarded against with the utmost assiduity. It is, lest the evil which we deplore be brooded over until it is so magnified as to become gigantic in its proportions, until the joyousness we should bring into our social intercourse is destroyed, and the cheerfulness which should add a charm to home is displaced by the sad countenance and complaining spirit. Let this temper be cherished, and everything assumes a dark hue. The man looks out upon those around him, and if he see neither poverty, nor sickness, nor death, he imagines every situation better than the one which he occupies. This is the very refinement of selfishness. It pours its tale of grief into the

ear of every listener, not believing it is more blessed to be the consoler than the consoled. To such we would say :

“ Why this longing, this forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful around thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Not by deeds that win the world's applause,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Nor by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find by constant striving, only,
And truly loving, thou shalt truly live.”

Once more, there is the self-sacrifice which conscience claims, the yielding of habit and inclination to strong convictions of right, the triumph of principle over impulse. Daily upon this altar are we required to tear out the beating heart of selfishness. We must go on where conscience leads, heedless of the opinions of others, neither turning aside for praise or contempt, making no concessions to wrong doing, only striving to know the right, and knowing it, obey.

To those who are thus fulfilling the high commission to which they were destined, who seek to secure the approbation of the Heavenly Father, by a constant renunciation of self, and obedience to his will, we would say, Falter not in the noble aims which are guiding your life, but let your motto now and always be, *Excelsior*.

M. J. Q.

Be not disturbed by an obstinate, blind conservatism. There shall be progress in spite of it. The conservative that has never made a *concession* cannot be found, and one concession is precedent enough for every genuine reform. The advocate of progress shall never want a text.

LIBERALITY, TRUE AND FALSE.

WE are told continually that we must be *liberal*, that we must not insist strenuously upon our favorite views of truth; that we must look with favor upon all forms of doctrine; that since reasonable and well informed men differ widely, one set of opinions can hardly be preferable in any important respects to any other set; that what seems true to us, and is heartily accepted, is true,—to all intents and purposes. Now, this view of truth, though it has a certain value, cannot but appear very faulty to every one who will bestow a little thought upon it. This method of dealing with principles and men is often carried to a length which betokens absolute skepticism and indifference. In the earlier stages of investigation, before we have thoroughly studied our spiritual experiences, before we have learned to survey the truth upon its various sides, the great questions that exercise the mind must receive from us very different answers; we cannot agree in any one solution of any one problem. That this must always be the case, we do not say; we affirm simply, that at first, this is so. Now our method of thought and speech should correspond not to some future possible condition of our belief, but to our present actual condition. What is true to us we are bound to call truth, and if it conflict with what is true to some one else, we are not bound, simply because it is impossible, to approve these conflicting views also. For instance, human nature is either totally depraved or it is not totally depraved; if we maintain the negative, must we not say, without any hesitation, or indirectness, that he is in error who maintains the affirmative? Sometimes conflicting views can be harmonized by mutual concessions, and sometimes they cannot be thus harmonized; and when one or the other must give place, is it not shallowness, weakness, or a poor escape from the labor of discussion, or from the effort humbly to acknowledge an error in opinion, to gloss over differences, to envelope ourselves in a mist, in order that we may be liberal; to call things by their wrong

names, in order to deprecate controversy? True mental enlargement often sets errors in a clear light, so clear that we cannot feel any uncertainty as to their real character. Then our liberality, our *freedom*, enables us to speak and obliges us to speak, not what we do *not* believe, but what we *do* believe. We feel that others should receive this from us without any outcry about a want of liberality, and what we expect from others, we on our part, are ready to accord to them.
 R. E.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A
 FRIEND IN CUBA.

"Her sun went down while it was yet noon-day."

THE lost and loved! They sought thy sunny land,
 Whose radiance falls upon the stranger's grave,
 With earnest hope; led by an unseen hand,
 Through storms and tempests, o'er the ocean wave!

What sought they 'neath thy pure and balmy skies?
 Bright gems, or pearls, or glittering wealth?
 No gifts from land or sea! With lifted eyes
 They asked the treasures of glad life and health.

Sweet bird of Paradise! we trace thy flight,
 Where, o'er the eternal hills, the day is breaking;
 No tears for thee! for an immortal light
 Shone round thy spirit, at its glad awaking.

L. G. P.

"EDUCATE YOUR LEARNING."—There is much meaning in this counsel; and meaning especially pertinent to our times. We see a great deal of superficial learning, which needs to be educated, before it is good for anything; and deep learning, which must be educated, before it can be turned to any practical or available purpose. There is the learning of the scholar, which may be very thorough, and yet require the discipline of use to give it value; and the learning of the theologian, which may be very extensive, and yet have no worth for the pulpit or the pastoral visit. Education now-a-days is practical training. We need it in all departments of life.

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE PRAYER OF THE JEW.

As we read the sixth chapter of Matthew, containing that simple and perfect form of prayer, given as a model by the Savior to his disciples, that "after this manner" they shall pray,—we feel a natural curiosity to know also what were those other devotional methods which he in the same connection reprovcs and forbids. What were the false services and "vain repetitions" he rebuked? What were the hypocritical formalities he would displace, substituting the plain but comprehensive words in which he breathed his spiritual aspirations? And our desire for information is heightened perhaps, when we refer to the solemn upbraidings written in the twenty-third chapter of the same book.

To such an enquiry we will endeavor to furnish an answer. The Talmud, or Book of Teachings, is composed of the traditions and commentaries of the Jewish doctors, touching their morality and religion. What the *Sonnah* is to the Turks, and the *Legends of Saints* to the Catholics, is the Talmud to the Hebrews. As the books of Moses comprised the written law, the Talmud comprises the unwritten or traditional instructions of the learned men. These were finally recorded, however, in order to preserve them, near the close of the second century after Christ. Indeed there are two Talmuds, that of Babylon, and that of Jerusalem. The former, however, is of much the most consequence. It was collected principally by Rabbi Judah, sometimes called holy Judah, soon after the destruction of the second temple, when the Rabbinical schools were declining and breaking up, and the sayings of the sages were in danger of being lost. The Talmudic compositions are of two parts, the *Mischna* and the *Gemara*,—the latter being commentaries on the *Mischna* or traditions proper, and of comparatively late origin. The *Mischna* is held by the Jews in the profoundest veneration. Its contents they suppose to have been primarily delivered to Moses by Jehovah, and trans-

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mitted through Aaron and his sons to the elders and prophets. They set even a higher value upon it than upon the Old Testament Scriptures, absurd and trivial and gross as much of it really is. The Scriptures, they say, are but water ; the Mischna, delicious wine ; the text of Moses is to the Talmud, but as pepper to fragrant aromatics. Some of them even assert that the Supreme Being devotes nine hours of the day to the study of the Talmud, and only three to the written law. The celebrated Maimonides, in the twelfth century, prepared an improved edition of the Mischna ; arranged the thirteen rules of reasoning, and elaborately illustrated them by examples. There is a considerable ingredient of truth and wisdom in it. But contemplating it as a whole, and remembering that its unmeaning requisitions and enjoined observances, were at the height of their influence and popularity in the time of Christ, we can enter more fully and heartily into the spirit of his severe reproaches, directed against these very abuses and impositions of the Pharisees.

We find from this Mischna, that the *Shema* was read by all pious Jews, morning and evening. The minutest regulations are given there, by both the sects of Shammæans and Hillelæans, and particularly on the authority of the Rabbins Eliezer, Joshua and Gamaliel, for the precise moments and methods, postures and all particularities of this reading. The *Shema* is properly the passage, Deut. vi. 4—9. To this, however, are added Deut. xi. 13—21, and Numb. xv. 37—41. Before it was read in the morning ("when thou risest up") two blessings were pronounced, and immediately afterwards, another blessing. Before it was read in the evening ("when thou liest down") two blessings were used, and two blessings immediately afterwards. It was regarded as an enormous sin to misplace one of these blessings, or to substitute one for another. The two blessings before the recital of the *Shema* were called *Jotser*, or "the Former of light," and *Ahabath Olam*, "eternal love." That after the recital was named *Emeth Vejatsib*, "true and certain." The names of the four evening blessings were *Maariv Aravim*, "Who bringeth on the

evenings;" *Ahabath Olam*, "eternal love;" *Emeth Veemunah*, "truth and fidelity;" *Hashcivena*, "make us lie down." These designations are the initial words of the several blessings. These facts respecting the daily use of the *Shema* throw light on the incident recorded in the New Testament, Matt. xii. 28—30, where the Scribe is represented as asking Jesus, "Which is the first commandment of all?" The reply of the Master is, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." These are the very words with which the *Shema* commences, and from one of which indeed it takes its name *Shema*, like the blessings. They are the very words that this Scribe felt it his great duty to repeat upon his lips, twice every day. Jesus of course takes all reproach out of his mouth. He takes ground that the Jew cannot question. He only directs him to the real meaning of his own heartless repetition.

But of these blessings or Jewish prayers and praises, we proceed to give specimens, that we may contrast them with the prayer of the Savior. The following was for the morning:

"True, and certain, and firm, and stable, and right, and faithful, and beloved, and dear, and desirable, and pleasant, and glorious, and reverend, and regular, and accepted, and good, and beautiful is this word concerning us for ever and ever. It is truth, that the Everlasting God is our King, the Rock of Jacob, the Shield of our salvation from generation to generation; He abides, and his name abides, and his throne is firm, and his kingdom and his truth endureth for ever. And his words are living, and stable, and faithful, and desirable for ever, and from ages to ages concerning our fathers, concerning us, concerning our children, and concerning our generations, and concerning all the generations of the seed of Israel thy servants: concerning those that went before, and concerning those that shall come after. It is a good and sure word in truth and faithfulness, a statute that shall not pass away. It is true, that thou art the Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, our King, and the King of our fathers; our Redeemer, and the Redeemer of our fathers; our Rock, the Rock of our Salvation; our Savior and Deliverer. Thy name is from everlasting, and we have no other God besides thee. Selah. Thou art the help of our fathers from everlasting, a Shield and a Savior to them and to their sons after them throughout all generations. Thy habitation is in the everlasting height, and thy judgments, and thy righteousness [extend] as far as

the ends of the earth. It is true, that blessed is the man that shall hear thy commandments and thy laws, and shall put thy words into his heart. It is true that thou art the Lord of thy people, and a mighty King to plead their causes for the fathers, and for the children. It is true, that thou art the first, and thou art the last, and that we have no King, Redeemer and Savior besides thyself. It is true, that thou redeemedst us, O Lord our God, from Egypt, thou deliveredst us from the house of bondage, thou killedst all their firstborn, and savedst Israel, thy firstborn; thou didst cleave the Red Sea for them, and thou didst drown the proud, and thy dear ones passed over the sea, and the waters covered their enemies, not one of them escaped. For this the beloved praised and glorified God; and the dear ones uttered psalms, songs, thanksgivings, blessings and confessions, to the King, the living and durable God; who is high and exalted, strong and terrible; who throweth the lofty ones to the earth, and raiseth the lowly up on high; who bringeth out the prisoners, redeemeth the humble, helpeth the lowly; who answered his people Israel when they cried unto him. Praise be to the Most High God their Redeemer: Blessed is He, and to be blessed. Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto thee with great joy, and they all said, Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders. Those that were delivered sang a new song unto thy great name upon the banks of the sea together; they all glorified thee, extolled thy power, and said, The Lord shall reign for ever and ever; and it is said, Our Deliverer, the Lord of Hosts is his name, the Holy One of Israel. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the Redeemer of Israel!"

This was for the evening :

"Truth and Fidelity have established all this for us. For He is the Lord our God, and there is none besides him; and we are Israel his people, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of kings. Our king hath redeemed us from the hand of all violent men: the God that hath avenged us of our enemies: that hath returned according to their doings upon all the enemies of our souls: that hath placed our souls in life, and hath not suffered our feet to slide: that hath made us to walk upon the high places of our enemies, and hath exalted our horn over all that hated us. The God that wrought vengeance for us upon Pharaoh, with signs and with wonders in the land of the children of Ham: that smote all the firstborn of Egypt in his wrath, and brought out his people Israel from among them to everlasting freedom. Who made his sons to pass through the divisions of the Red Sea, and drowned their pursuers and their enemies in the deep. His children saw his might, they praised and glorified his name, and they cheerfully

took his kingdom upon them. Moses and the children of Israel sang a song to thee, with great rejoicing, and said all of them, Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Lord, who is like unto thee; glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Thy children saw thy kingdom, O Lord our God, upon the sea together; they all gave praise, acknowledged thee to be their king, and said, The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. And it is said, The Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and delivered him from the hand of him that is stronger than he. Blessed art thou, O Lord, that hast redeemed Israel!"

Throughout these petitions and laudations, we observe the thoroughly Jewish exclusiveness, arrogance and assumption. The national boast is uttered continually and repeatedly. The national pride and bigotry take the place that belongs to repentance and humiliation. Here are the "vain repetitions," and the "much speaking." In some portions there is a species of grandeur in the phraseology. But it approaches more nearly to pompousness than to sublimity. There is in it but little of the meekness and simplicity and reverent quietness of real devotion; little genuine outpouring of the heart's deep sorrow and trust; little unburthening of the weary soul's solicitude and care; little humble prostration and lowly struggling of the spirit; little fervent desire for improvement, self-subjection, forgiveness, and for divine assistance to help in the hour of temptation. And, though we may glean from Jewish prayers scattered expressions almost the same with those of Jesus, how unlike the whole, to those few significant sentences that eighteen centuries have caught and repeated, from the hallowed lips of the Great Master! How far beneath the sacred breathings of love that went up from Olivet, from the tender heart of Jesus! God's paternal character and kind affection are acknowledged with filial and childlike confidence in the solemn invocation, "Our Father, who art in heaven!" The profoundest reverence for the majesty of his nature and the perfection of his attributes, only says, "Hallowed be thy name!" The wide world of human kind, the brotherhood of our race, and all the triumphs and blessings of universal righteousness, are embraced in the petitions, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is heaven." Present and necessary gifts merely are to be sought

from the Infinite bounty, for ourselves and our outward condition; "Give us this day our daily bread." In the submissive and meek entreaty, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," is penitently implored the gentle compassion of One willing to pardon and to pity the erring and the weak, and that the same celestial temper may inspire the heart of human fellow feeling. What guardians are stationed about our virtue, and of what immortal strength, by the earnest cry, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" And how unreserved is the dependent resignation, how lofty the praise, of the ascription, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever!" Such is the Christian prayer. Such has proved itself to be the prayer of humanity's deepest spiritual wants. Mothers have consecrated with it the pillow of childhood and childhood's life itself. The bereaved and the trembling, the happy and the sorrowful, dying martyrs and aged saints, and tried and tempted manhood, have felt its mighty echo in their souls. Let not its great meaning be forgotten, while its sacred syllables are spoken. Let it rise often from the inmost heart. Let all our worship be as pure, unpretending and sincere. Let our communion with God be the communion of believing and obedient children, with a near and loving Father.

Our petitions to heaven are too often framed as if they were designed for the ears of men. The speech that tells, in the briefest compass and the sincerest accents, the real emotion, is the only appropriate utterance of devotion. The manner, too—how often, in public worship, does it drag down the thoughts from the throne of God, to the poor exhibition of a mortal's excitement and vanity! Could Jesus have poured out those deep sentences, with any other than a calm, tranquil, subdued tone? It is painful to hear men speak of excited, or exciting, or eloquent, or beautiful prayers. Gesticulations and shouts, and the flippant arts of vocal management, can have no part in earnest communion with the Infinite Majesty and Peace of God.

F. D. H.

WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE.

THE blue waves gently kiss the strand
 And rush along the pebbly shore,
 Then rippling leave the verdant land
 And seek the lake's calm breast once more.
 No white sail gleams upon the wave,
 Nor motion hath it, save its own
 Bright rush of waters, and no sound
 Save its own gentle moan.

And deep and pure the summer blue
 Reflected in its bosom lies,
 And mirrored there intensely true
 The thousand-tinted foliage dyes.
 Far towering stretch the pine hills round,
 And from those leafy seas so dim
 I hear the wind's mysterious sound,
 Like faint heard angel's hymn.

Nature, kind mother! from this scene
 Of holy and serenest calm,
 May the sad soul a lesson glean,
 A soothing tone midst life's alarm:—
 To bid each stormy passion rest,
 And lie in lake-like, calm repose,
 With sunshine sleeping on my breast,
 Till death-shades round me close.

C. G. F.

SOUNDS.

TH' soul-like murmur of the wood,
 The winds, and ocean's swell,
 Deep bell-tones 'mid the starlit night—
 Each sound—a tidings tells,
 Of something that connecteth it
 With higher life than this;
 Of the great Soul, that weaveth here
 A harmony of bliss.

P. T. O.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL ! holy day, the Lord's day, set apart for rest and for worship—one day in seven, to commune with our hearts, to look within, to gather knowledge of God, of Jesus and ourselves. Gently does its sweet influence come upon us, and gratefully should we receive this day. The busy hum of labor is hushed, and the deserted streets of business tell of the quiet home and day of rest.

Did it never occur to you, reader, that the sunshine is brighter on the Sabbath than on other days ; or is it, that our hearts respond to the brightness and gladness of the day more fully ? In the country, and among the green fields, it appears as though nature's mantle was more gorgeous and brilliant on the sunny summer Sabbath : the fields more verdant, the flowers of brighter hues, the broad river or lake more tranquil, the birds more joyous in their songs, and the fluttering insects more active. Perhaps it is the repose of man, in contrast with his usual habits, which produces this feeling, and we permit our thoughts to dwell on nature, the works of God, in the place of human inventions. From the distance we catch the sound of the solemn toned bell, while the dark woods and silent glens speak to us of peace ; and toil and anguish are alike forgotten in the calmness of the hour. Unnoticed, almost unknown, these sentiments enter our hearts, until we feel that every leaf has a tongue which would say, " Your Father made all, enjoy it, love and thank Him."

But we may not always dwell in the country, with its sweet and simple yet wondrous pleasures ; we must return to the precincts of town and city, and there also seek happiness. And it comes to us, whether among bricks and mortar or on the hill side, for our heart is the chalice which is filled with sweet or bitter waters. On the Sabbath our numerous churches are thrown open to the world, and our streets filled with cheerful, quiet crowds hastening to the house of God.

And who can come up to the place " where prayer is wont

to be made," with light and careless feelings, or cross its threshold without recognizing the fact that they are entering a holy temple, set apart for the worship of God? The very appellation, "the house of God," fills our heart with emotion, and reverently do we pass within its consecrated walls. Here, in an edifice dedicated to the Most High, are our spiritual wants ministered unto, and our resolutions perchance confirmed. Week after week do we hear the voice of prayer and praise ascend from the altar, and are led from earth to heaven. O! that we could more fully carry with us, in the busy world, the thoughts and feelings suggested here. To those who from illness or untoward circumstances have been long absent from the holy fane, how great the pleasure of again treading its sacred courts. With what impatient joy the day is anticipated, when we may hear from revered and loved lips God's most holy word. Not that "our Father" cannot be as ardently and truly worshipped in our own chamber, in the green fields or the dark woods; for He made the world and therefore we stand equally in his presence everywhere; but we wish and require some visible and outward form, which makes us feel more vividly that all the human family are his children and our brethren. The temple of the Lord is a holy place. Does not he who is steeped to the lip in crime, look back with tears of remorse and sorrow upon the time, when an innocent child he knelt by his mother's side in the village church, which now he feels himself too wicked to enter? Surely that which can thus touch his heart is beautiful and holy.

Can we be sufficiently thankful for this day, which snatches us from the busy cares of the world to give us glimpses of the spiritual and unseen? Thank God for the Sabbath and its attendant pleasures and improvements! The laborer,

—"On this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God."

Would that all could feel the blessing of the Sabbath, and improve it as they should! Going to church is not the only

pleasure of the day. Books, from which many are debarred by the occupations of the week, should form a gladsome recreation on the Sabbath. Young men and maidens! spend not the intervals between service in listless silence, and thus throw away the means of spiritual and moral advancement. Welcome the Sabbath with heartfelt joy, and make it a source of true pleasure, knowledge and happiness.

As I write, a happy Sabbath scene rises to my memory. It was a summer's morn, and the bells were sending forth their loud and solemn tones as I stood by my window, looking out upon the small enclosure, dignified by the name of garden in our city. A little child was peeping into every flower and leaf, which filled this small spot of earth. His young heart was made glad by the beauty of the gay flowers, and his voice was tuned to admiration and praise. "So beauty, grand-mama," he repeated, flitting from flower to flower, while his face glowed with happiness. In another instant he stood in a listening attitude, for the canary bird was pouring forth its song. Then he glanced from bird to flower, and again from flower to bird, and with eyes gleaming with joy and rapture, he cast a look upon his aged relative, while he clapped his little hands and laughed long and merrily in the fulness of gladness. Happy child! who thus drinks at the fountain of his Father's gifts and feels their beauty in his soul. And God, his Father, was looking upon that young being, thus unconsciously paying his tribute to his works, as his heart was touched and his bosom swelled with rapture. Could he have expressed his feelings, he would have spoken of exceeding happiness, a moving of his soul with joyousness. And why cannot man thus enjoy the Sabbath, the beauties of God's world? Why can it not enter into his soul as it did into the child's? God grant that the day may come when the hearts of all men may rejoice with this exceeding joy, and feel the worth, the benefit, the sacredness of the day, hallowed as it is with the memory of our Savior!

A—A.

THE RICH AND POOR MEET TOGETHER.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

PROVERBS, xxii. 2. The rich and poor meet together : the Lord is the Maker of them all.

THE spirit of the Christian religion partakes of, and expresses the spirit of God. It is essentially impartial ; has no respect of persons or externals merely, and recognizes no distinctions but those of virtue. It asserts the irreversible equality of men as regards moral rights and spiritual privilege, and declares the entire dependence of all men upon God, their common Father. It dictates but one prayer for all men, and *that*, from every lip, rises up with those blessed words of trust, "Our Father who art in heaven." It allows no deep or enduring force to the arbitrary claims of riches or of rank, or the assumptions of physical power. That great truth which nerved our country in her struggle for freedom, the truth which crowns her charter, and blazes on her banners, and forms the premise of her proclamations—the truth, namely, that "all men are created equal," is but the transcript of that holier sentiment which runs throughout the Gospel record. "Liberty and equality," are watchwords capable of a more Christian interpretation than they usually receive. They have too often been made the shibboleth and manifesto of some radical disorganizer, who would upheave society ; or have furnished the excuse of agrarian schemes, advocated by the insane demagogue, blind to everything but plunder and tumult. While, on the other hand, there have been those who could see no other meaning in these words, than revolt or insurrection ; who have scoffed at the idea of human brotherhood, and practically disavowed the claim of the poor to their fellowship. With such persons every project of philanthropy, every scheme for improving the condition of suffering man, is absurd and utopian. They do not wish to believe any such enterprises practicable, for fear that such a belief would call on them to forego part of their

moneyed distinctions. In their hearts they would seem to think the Bible a very radical book when it says, "The rich and poor meet together." But it *does* say so, and *Christianity* says so in effect, if not in so many words, and takes its position, while it makes its appeal, between these two extremes of judgment—between a levelling radicalism on the one hand, and a selfish monopoly on the other; denouncing the Pharisee, whether of the past or the present day, who would scorn or keep aloof from the poor because he is poor; telling men, that, in the eye of God their outward trappings and social insignia may be but an offence.

Christianity, be it remembered, neither allows nor encourages any forming of invidious castes, any pride of family, or pride of purse; but honors men, appeals to men, only for the nature which is in them, the inspiration of the Almighty God. It cares not for your splendid houses, nor your glittering luxury, nor external parade. It sees as true a soul, because an *immortal* soul, beneath a tattered coat and a hovel of rough boards, as beneath a dress of purple or in a palace crowded with regal paraphernalia. It penetrates to the soul through all the integuments of its outward apparel, cares only for the soul, labors for that, pleads for it, honors it while it throws aside the surrounding rubbish which worldly circumstances would pile over the spirit,—the pride of wealth, or birth, or place, which in the estimation of too many, are apt to constitute the marks of men. Fortunate, indeed, for the poor,—yea, fortunate enough it is for the rich, that neither God nor Christianity looks upon "the outward appearance;" and whatever men may think of their fortunes or their gold as constituting relative eminence or importance in society, we may well thank God that these are not the grounds on which our *souls* are to be classified. These are not the true distinctions. Let us not so estimate them.

Man, vain man, may perch upon the heaps of wealth which he accumulates, he may pride himself on his titles or his treasures, he may "walk under waving plumes" and decorate his escutcheon; but all these are but as the scenic dress, the sha-

vings and tinsel, in the great and sober drama of life. All these, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," the "airy palaces and cloud-capt towers," are doomed to fall away and disappear.

The genius of Christianity is coming onward, with a slow but sure advance, to modify the tone of society, to change in a measure its condition, to remodel its theories. We see it in the daily increasing respect which the rich are paying to the poor, in the growing disposition to recognize and treat them as equals and brethren, in the sympathy which sounds for them a rallying call around the arks of religion and helps them by the erection of chapels, in the falling down or removal of old barriers, which have stood for centuries, between the suffering many and the prosperous few. In all this we see the influence and the progress of Christianity, like the creeping on of tide waters. Superficial distinctions, the formularies of custom, the evershifting codes of fashion or philosophy, like shallow argosies, or shingle boats with paper sails, may ride the topmost wave, but underneath all this, there are measureless, steady, and strong currents, like the clear river stream. The waters of life ebb and flow, and are forever setting in to the world of our spirits. Christianity is, indeed, the strong undercurrent amid the froth, and fragments, and follies, which are tossing around on the surface. With its eternal wave, it rolls steadily onward, over, and around the rock-bound shores of society, and is fast soaking into its institutions. It is washing away the old landmarks; it is creeping up over the beach, and erasing the hieroglyphic cyphers and lines of demarcation which the vanity of man had scribbled in the sand. There is no dashing of spray in all this, no thundering of its flood, but it works ever with an influence as silent as it is sublime. With its elevating surge, it uplifts the seaweed and broken spars of obsolete custom, and throws them far up to bleach and decay on the banks of oblivion. Century after century, nay, in less than centuries, it deposits, and shakes off, from its moving crest these baser substances and empty shells; and God grant it may so go on, till its waters are cleared of every wreck, and the heavens are fully mirrored in its pure, fresh, unfathomable depths!

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But is the spirit of the world, then, so different from that of Christianity? Let us see. Both Christianity and the world agree in saying thus much, "Honor to whom honor is due;" but they differ in their estimate as to who deserves honor, and to whom honor is due. The world says, "Honor those who are above you in worldly rank, station, or eminence. Honor the great ones of earth, the opulent, the influential, the holders of office." Honor these? Christianity says, "Honor *all* men;" because they are men, beings with the same nature with yourself, children of the same Father, having souls like your own, subjects of the same moral government, destined to the same end. Thus Christianity, you perceive, reverses other verdicts, declaring to all men the sublime truth, that as regards every true prerogative of their being, as to the privilege of their souls, they stand on the same broad level of equality.

But let us consider a little more in detail, some of the circumstances in human life on which this equality is predicated. "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all."

And, first, they meet on the ground of a common spiritual origin. "Have we not all one Father?" inquires the prophet; "hath not one God created us?" And so inquires every spirit conscious of its holy birthright. The poorest man on earth, as well as the richest; he who delves in the dust, as well as he who mounts a throne; the slave, whose fetters weigh him down, as well as the despot who towers in his tyranny,—all these may rise up and say, with the Apostle, "We are also his offspring," "for he hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth."

How encouraging is this truth! How soul-inspiring the assurance, that in every soul, however darkened or degraded, there is yet some spark of heavenly fire, the impress of a divinity which stirs within, the eternal stamp of immortality, proclaiming to every being his relation to the great "Father of spirits." All souls came forth from one source, even as all the fires or lights on earth were kindled by that burning planet above us. Various, indeed, may be the shapes and circumstances of our

earthly tabernacles, the form of our bodies, the style of our dress, the color of our skin, the houses in which we dwell, the respective rank we may take in social life. Circumstances of birth or fortune, or caprice, a thousand arbitrary or accidental influences, may operate to give us different places. The swarthy African, sweating in his desert or in the rice field ; the prisoner pacing the damp floor of his cell ; every one who succumbs to mortal power, may say with the conscious dignity of his origin, "I, also, am a man." And so should every man who receives the homage, or is tempted by the applause of his fellow beings, say, modestly, even as Peter did to Cornelius, when he fell at his feet, "Stand up ! for I, also, am but a man as thou art."

It is related of some king or hero of antiquity, who feared the excess of his own ambition, that he kept a servant at his elbow, to admonish him whenever he was likely to exceed the limits of moderation, so that, whenever his monitor observed the rising of his master's pride or vanity, he was wont to whisper, "Remember, O king ! thou art mortal !" And *these*, my Christian friends, are the admonitions which we all need, to be reminded of our common weakness, our common origin, our common nature.

And this, also, is another ground, on which "the rich and poor" most truly "meet together,"—in the sharing of a common nature ; having the same bodily organization, subject to the same wants, liable to the same sufferings, exposed to the same weaknesses, sent forth into the same world of discipline.

Has not a poor man reason, intellect, will, conscience, as well as the rich ? Has he not eyes and opportunity to see the world ? Does the rich man, who with bleared vision looks lazily out at a landscape, take in more of its beauties than he, who with a clear sight goes forth to his work before sunrise ? Does his ear drink in more of the harmonies of that music which is open to us all in its season,—the swelling chorus of nature, the song of birds, the various concord of sweet sounds ? Has not the poor man equal power to perceive the incense which floats up from fields and gardens ? Has he not the joys of every sense, and has the rich man, bodily, any more ? Nay,

from his cottage window which overlooks the rich man's parterre, cannot the poor man appropriate, and is he not joint possessor, in a certain sense, with his wealthier neighbor, in all those luxuries of sight and smell, as truly as if he was more nearly stifled in the conservatory? Can the rich man tie up the odors which go wafting away from his greenhouse? No! no! God, who is no respecter of persons, gives a wing to the generous perfume, and sends it over the fence, and along the road, and through the woods, for the wayfarer and the poor fainting traveller. He speeds the balm of flowers and the bracing breeze, like the very influences of his spirit, to him who goes barefoot, as well as to the votary of pleasure and ease who rolls in his chariot.

All are partakers of the common good.

None are so mean but still God's love they share.

'He feeds the ravens when they cry for food.'

His blessings crowd the earth; they fill the air.

And so, also, in the temples of worship on the Sabbath, as under the canopy of heaven all the week, "the rich and poor meet together" and are fellows. In the light of revelation, as under the light of nature, they are called equally to rejoicing and to privilege. To each alike, the word of God is open. To both of them the invitation and appeals of that word are solemn, unqualified, imperative. They meet together (or they *ought* to, and whose fault is it if they do not?) in the house of God. *There* the vain distinctions of earthly rank should fall away and be forgotten, while the lordling and the subject, the beggar and the prince, are on their knees, "with their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust." *There*, if ever, and if any where, they will feel that both are alike dependent, while they give glory to God for his mercy and redemption through Christ. *There* they will bow under a sense of their spiritual nakedness and destitution, while they acknowledge that all other wealth is as dross compared with the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

Thus we see that in the general avenues of enjoyment "the rich and poor meet together." So is it, also, in their common

exposure to suffering. Does the poor man languish on the bed of pain? Does he mourn the loss of friends or property? Is he harassed by his exigencies and cares, which interrupt his daily labor and haunt his nightly rest? Is he persecuted or importuned by creditors who distrain his scanty property? Is he troubled by reverses? And does he doubt whether the rich man suffers so? What mean then the frequent visits of that physician at the rich man's gate? Whence comes that funeral pageant with its long and sad procession? Or, in the deeper tragedies of his life, what mean the rich man's regrets and disappointments, his shuddering solicitude lest he lose what, perchance, he had gained by some hasty speculation or dishonest manœuvre? What mean the crowd of creditors who storm his castle? that wordly mind, so ill at ease, though his body be on couches of down? the poisoned arrows which come, and are sped all over his house by the messenger who tells of his son's extravagance or dishonor? Does the poor man feel the pangs of hunger? Does he mourn the scanty fare which falls to his portion? Does he crave the luxuries, which overload the rich man's table? Let him go, then, to the halls of feasting. Let him go and see the curses which wait on pampered appetite. Bitterly, oh bitterly does the rich debauchee pay the penalty of his intemperate surfeits and excesses, in a ruined constitution, the palsy of his intellect, the shattered or bloated frame to which health is a stranger, the fever which burns him with its slow fire, or the apoplexy which, in the midst of his revels, dashes him down, a stark and sudden corpse! And who, for this, would exchange the poor man's hue of health, his freely beating pulse, his quiet sleep?

But, say the poor, "our *trials* are surely greater. We are exposed to harsher discipline, a severer lot, more rigorous temptations." Say you so? Then go with me, again, to the saloons, which under a fair outside, and while the sun is shining on their marble walls, are yet reeking inwardly with tears and curtained with shadowy sorrows. Go to the festive halls and the glittering crowd, and see how many hearts, under a silken

vest, are bursting, or broken, or barbed with a thousand shafts of worldliness or of disappointment. Lift the drapery of drawing rooms, and there, full oft, under whited sepulchres, you shall see the agony of a severe mental struggle,—a struggle which has no parallel in plainer spheres, for it is the strife and wrestling, and rising up of souls all but suffocated, souls around whom the silken snares and silver chains of earthly influence are winding in thicker, and thicker, and thicker folds.

We are apt to suppose that the sufferings of the poor *are* more intense and singular. We speak of them as peculiar. But, for every sigh from the secret chambers of poverty, I will match you a spasm in the halls of state; for every lonely lament of the houseless ones, I will offset the mingled shrieks of the misnamed gayer circle. And that “high life” we speak of, which the poor are so prone to envy, what is it in many cases, but the mask of spirits half condemned or toiling with secret agony? God knoweth the danger of that pinnacle position, how it indurates the spirit, and covers it as with a shell, and shrivels up the life within, and fearfully dims the vision of heavenly things. And believe me, Christian friends, the truest relief or compensation which the rich man can find in this trial, is the exercise of his benevolence and the freewill offering of his affection to his fellow men; to labor for their good, to seek and promote their emancipation from whatever overlays or depresses their souls.

Again, “the rich and poor meet together” in the school of mutual dependence; not only in their common dependence upon God, but in their dependence on each other. It a mistaken estimate of social relations, which leads men to speak of the poor as dependent on the rich. “The might which slumbers in a peasant’s arm,” is something more than poetry or a proverb. It has more than once been felt by the rich in the defence of their firesides, in the interposition of hireling armies and troops of the poor, who have shivered the swords of oppression. It is seen every day in the energy which builds the rich man’s chariot wheels, and upholds the very staging on which he stands. It is heard in foundries and factories, and

in many a shop where the mighty engines of commerce are riveted and set strongly together for social aggrandizement. It is realized in the form and perfection of every instrument which ministers to art, science, or luxury. It is folly, then, for the rich man to seem insensible to the social claim or real worth of his poorer brother. And no less is it folly, for the poor man to declaim against the eminence, or denounce the luxuries of the more wealthy. In some sense it is by these very luxuries he lives. The very superabundance which loads an epicure's table, wasteful and ridiculous as it may seem, and is,—the worldling's display, in whatever form, whether in splendid furniture, or fine books, or gathered ornaments on his mantel,—may have been the means, (how know we but that it has?) of feeding many a starving family by whose industry they were prepared. The poor artist, what would become of him, if no connoisseur would buy his pictures, nor hang them in his parlor? He might pine away and die in his garret. Genius, whether of mechanical invention, or of authorship, what would become of that, if none gave encouragement by their purses or their patronage? It would sicken like a solitary bird, and fold its feeble wings, and moult, for aye, its ever varying plumage.

Thus, my brethren, even the seeming superfluities of life may serve their purpose in the chain of social circumstance and welfare. The familiar instruments of music, the pianos and stringed lutes which minister indulgence every day to the sons and daughters of ease, are, as it were, a sounding harmony between the mechanics who made them and those who listen to the melody. Thus the spirits of use and of construction, "the rich and poor, meet together."

And, yet once more—on earth, once more,—in their weakness as well as in their strength, in their sins as well as in their sympathies, in their common cause, the contest with iniquity, the discipline of their immortal natures, the trial of their moral strength, side by side, against the common foe, to "fight the good fight of faith," in the wide spread phalanx of every living soul, pressing onward to their encounter with their last enemy, hurrying to their graves, "the rich and poor meet together."

And *there*, again, they "meet," in the grave-yard; for, "one event happeneth to all." To high and low, rich and poor, there is that one common destiny. All must die, and go away, and take their place in that silent "city of the dead," the crowded cemetery. There the rich worldling will lie silently and insensibly by the side of him from whom, in living pride, he kept aloof. There the lip which once curled with scorn, or tasted deeply of earth's luxury, will be as cold as that of the beggar which sadly froze or fasted. There the body which, in life, had known no place for sleep or shelter, will have a couch as comfortable as that of him, who in *his* life had slept under gorgeous canopies. There the little, short, green mound, which covers the infant child of poverty, finds close companionship with the prouder mausoleum. There the coarse grey stones, which mark a poor man's grave, lean against the upright obelisk whose marble tablet tells a flattering tale. There the relics of those whose homes in life were far asunder, shall meet in cold unconsciousness, and there, like planted seeds, in a common field, they shall wait the general harvest.

Thus, my friends, we see the common lot of man. Thus, in the circumstance of their common origin; in their possession of the same nature; in their similar exposure to suffering and trial, and temptation; in their general moral privilege and perceptions; in the fact of their mutual dependence; in their common wants and their weaknesses, "the rich and poor meet together;" and thus, at last, when the trials of this life are over, they meet again, at the grave-yard, "for it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that, the judgment!"

And *there*, yes, *there* (oh, solemn thought!) they "meet," once more, and for the last time! "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." There, and then, will be realized that solemn vision of the Apocalypse, when "all the dead, both small and great, shall stand before God." "Then shall the sea give up its dead, and death and hell shall deliver up their dead," and all shall come, from every quarter of the earth, in countless forms, around that burning throne. There the spirits of all flesh shall assemble, to receive their sentence

according to the deeds done in the body. There no purple robe shall longer designate the prince, no meaner garb shall mortify the poor; but in the nakedness of their very souls, every one shall stand before his Judge. Poor men shall be there, glittering in the "garments of salvation," which they have won by a patient endurance of their earthly discipline. Rich men shall be there, richer still, if on earth they have exercised their charity or scattered wide their sympathies. Hypocrites will be there, (as they were,) stripped of all their disguises, divested of their masks, all transparent in that searching light of "the all-seeing eye." Sinners of every sort will be there, (as they were;) intrigue, forced out of its covert; the murderer, with his dripping hand; dishonesty, face to face with its poor, lean victim; the liar, with his forked and fiery tongue; tyranny, with its chains, standing ankle deep in blood; injustice, with her uneven scales. Martyrs, too, by myriads, will be there; wounded spirits, with ghastly scars; ghosts of the down-trodden; injured innocence, with her pale face, tearful eyes, and sad expression; spectres of suffering in every shape, the shades of all who died or drooped under ill treatment. And all these, with mystic fingers, shall rise up and point to the abashed and shrinking forms of those who did them wrong!

Ah! *that*, indeed, shall be a meeting—a meeting of the truly rich and poor,—the spiritually rich, the spiritually poor. Face to face, eye to eye, soul to soul, they shall meet!

Then shall the veil of our partial vision be uplifted, and we shall all "know as we are known." Beyond that upraised curtain, parents shall be revealed, standing side by side, with their little ones, whom they have neglected or nourished; pastors, in the midst of their crying, or emaciated flocks; teachers, with the bleating lambs they have led, or lost, by the side of "still waters."

Friends, hearers, fellow Christians! These are solemn considerations, surely, as to that general assembly at the judgment seat. *We* must be there too. Yes, you, children! and you, men! and you, women! You, and I, and all of us!—Are we *ready*, there to meet? Are we ready?

INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION AT MILWAUKIE, WIS.—The Church at Milwaukie was dedicated December 14, 1843. The weather was extremely unpropitious, and the roads were almost impassable, and for this cause, in connexion with the isolated position of Milwaukie, there were none of the ministerial brethren present excepting Rev. Mr. Cushing himself, and Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Chicago. With the exception of the Dedictory Address, the duties of the occasion devolved upon Mr. Harrington. Bro. Cushing's eyes were in a bad state, and he was, through general ill-health, unable to bear much of the interesting labor of the day. Notwithstanding the weather, the house was completely filled.

The building itself is an extremely neat structure. As a whole, it would be difficult to find a building with fewer faults. The choir is arranged in an arch behind the pulpit, a little raised above it. The music on the occasion was uncommonly good, owing to very respectable musical ability on the part of the choir, but more to the great exertions and the superior taste of its leader.

Our correspondent writes, "The cause of Liberal Christianity is a gaining cause here. In the country its progress is more rapid than in the city. 'If the shoes and clothes of the preacher of Liberal opinions would last forever, we should convert the world.' What a change would be produced in respect to our present progress, if the idea might once prevail, that our doctrines are the most *popular*, the most *honorable*, the most *profitable*! In no respect is the line of Cowper,

"God made the country, but man made the town,"

more completely illustrated than in the influences that compass a man's personal independence in the city. Our farmers are sure that God will not ask them, whether or not they are branded with the heresy of Unitarianism, before he sends upon them his sun and his rains, and causes their wheat to grow. And moreover, the *city buyers* do not ask them, whether they belong to this or that church, before they purchase their commodities. So they are left alone with their opinions, and the consequence is, that in the majority of cases they discern what is reasonable and sound in religion from what is the contrary, and are not induced to be selfish or slavish enough to disguise or to seek to suppress their convictions. The cities will be the last strongholds of religious error."

DEDICATION AT GENEVA, ILL.—Our friends at Geneva, of whom Rev. A. H. Conant is pastor, dedicated their new and commodious church to the worship of the one God, on January 24, 1844. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Elder J. Walworth of Belvidere, Ill.; Sermon, by the pastor of the society; Concluding Prayer, by Elder D. Nicholson, of Juliet, Ill.; Benediction, by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Chicago, Ill. Original hymns were sung, and additional interest was imparted to the occasion by the attendance of many persons from a distance. Rev. Mr. Harrington preached in the afternoon, and a social meeting was held in the evening.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Unitarian society at Brooklyn, in a spirit of the most praiseworthy liberality, have completed a beautiful edifice for their worship. Its style is pure Gothic, and all the harmonies are well preserved. The services of consecration were performed on Wednesday, April 24, 1844. A large delegation of clergymen and laymen was present, from various sections of the country, and the occasion was one of unusual interest and solemnity. The order of services was as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bellows, of New York; Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Hosmer, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Prayer of Consecration, by Rev. Dr. Parkman, of Boston; Sermon, by Rev. Frederick A. Farley, pastor elect; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Young, of Boston.

Mr. Farley took his text from John iv. 14: "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." After a few words of congratulation on the completion of the edifice, he proceeded to the theme of his discourse, suggested by the name of the church, and made necessary by the ignorance of those, by whom our friends there are surrounded, concerning the Unitarian faith,—Salvation by Christ. We agree with the entire body of Christians in the belief that salvation is the great end of the Savior's mission. But what is the Scripture doctrine concerning it? What is salvation? The word signifies deliverance from whatever is harmful, from wars, pestilence, pain, sorrows,—from evils physical and moral. In reference to Christ it universally signifies deliverance from sin in the heart of man; not from a terrible infliction, hanging over man, since the time of the fall. As the evil, therefore, from which man is to be saved, is moral, so the remedy is moral, affecting the conscience, the will and the affections. Mr. Farley then examined, in proof of his position, the tenor of the teachings of Christ and his apostles, and closed by consecrating the church to this great object of the Father's love and the Savior's ministry.

Convention.—In the evening a Convention of the clergy and laity was held at the church. Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston was chosen Moderator; Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence, R. I., was appointed Scribe. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Burnap of Baltimore, Md.

The following resolutions were proposed by Rev. Mr. Osgood:

"*Resolved*, That in the consecration of this house of prayer we have occasion of thanksgiving to Almighty God for his favors to this people, and ground for new hope and zeal in the cause of him whose name it bears.

"*Resolved*, That the state of the religious world moves us to cherish with fresh ardor the principle upon which as a denomination we stand, and which has been set forth emphatically in the sermon of to-day, that the Bible, and not human creeds and authorities, is the rule of the Christian faith.

"*Resolved*, That while we would live in charity with Christians of every name, we own a solemn obligation to our own brotherhood of believers, and are bound to strive earnestly for that truth which we deem as important to others as to ourselves, by general co-operation with our brotherhood, and by missionary labors among the poor who are with us, and the destitute who live in the borders of our land.

"*Resolved*, That whilst we mourn the loss of our beloved brother, Rev. J. P. B. Storer of Syracuse, we give thanks to Almighty God for his faithful life and for the influence of his labors in the cause of our holy faith in this State."

After being read, the first resolution was spoken to by Rev. Mr. Briggs, the General Agent of the American Unitarian Association, and Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston. It was then accepted.

The second resolution was then taken up. Rev. Mr. Ellis of Charlestown opened this part of the discussion, and was followed by Mr. Geo. G. Channing of Boston, Rev. Mr. Osgood, Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Burnap. In consequence of the lateness of the hour, it was resolved, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Farley, that when the Convention adjourn, it should be to the next day at 9 o'clock. After singing the Dismission Hymn, the Convention adjourned according to the resolve.

Thursday, April 25. The Convention again assembled. Dr. Parkman being absent, his place was supplied by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Boston. The question was taken upon the second resolution, and it was passed. Rev. Mr. Barnard of Boston opened the discussion of the third resolution, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Hosmer of Buffalo, Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem, and Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York. The third resolution was then adopted, and the fourth taken up. Rev. Mr. Buckingham of Trenton, N. Y. spoke feelingly of the late Rev. Mr. Storer. The hour having arrived, the Convention adjourned.

Installation.—The rites of Installation were performed at the church in the afternoon. The order of services was as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, of Providence, R. I.; Reading of Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, of Boston; Sermon, by

Rev. Dr. Dewey, of New York ; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, Penn. ; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Young, of Boston ; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Farley, of Eastport, Me. ; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown ; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, of Boston.

Dr. Dewey took his text from Luke ix. 46—48 : " Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest. And Jesus perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him, And said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name, receiveth me ; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth him that sent me : for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great." Christ taught a new idea of greatness. And in this respect his faith had, and still has, a controversy with the world. The elements of all true greatness he defined to be, 1. Humility. Conceit belongs to partial greatness, to talent, to power, to fame, but not to real, complete greatness. Worship is greatest when lowliest. 2. Self-denial. Moderation is the martyrdom of the present age. 3. Love. Here we behold the highest attribute of God, the power of Christ, and the noblest principle in man.

In the evening the Convention again assembled at the church. After a discourse from Rev. Mr. Furness,—from the text, 1 Corinthians, xiii. 4 : " Charity suffereth long, and is kind,"—the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston.

LETTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN UPON SLAVERY.—The reception of this letter we have noticed already. About fifty Unitarian ministers assembled at the Berry St. Vestry, February 29, 1844, at noon, to take it into consideration. Rev. Dr. Francis was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Mr. May of Leicester was appointed Secretary. Resolutions were presented by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston, expressing a conviction that the letter should receive a reply ; and that a committee of five persons should be appointed to prepare such reply, to be submitted to some future meeting. A discussion was opened on the general subject, and conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Stetson of Medford, Allen of Northborough, Ellis of Charlestown, Thompson of Salem, Hodges of Cambridge, Morison of New Bedford, Parkman of Dover, N. H., May of Lexington, Bigelow of Danvers, May of Leicester, Nightingale of Athol, Pierpont, Clarke, Lothrop, Brooks, Robbins, and Dr. Parkman, of Boston. The resolutions were adopted, and Rev. Messrs. Peabody of Portsmouth, Lothrop of Boston, May of Lexington, Morison of New Bedford, and Ellis of Charlestown, were appointed as the Committee

to draft the reply.—The report of this Committee was made to an adjourned meeting, held on Thursday, April 11, at the same place and the same hour. The discussion was renewed and continued through the day. It was characterized, on both occasions, and without any exception, by a decided and strong reprobation of Slavery, by calm and reasonable, though earnest speech, and by the kindest spirit. The following votes, passed without dissent, were the result :

"*Voted*, That the Report [of the Committee] be adopted, to be sent to our brethren in Great Britain and Ireland as a reply to their Address, and that it be placed in the hands of a committee for signatures.

"*Voted*, To appoint a committee of three, as provided for in the previous vote, to be nominated by the Moderator."

Messrs. Lothrop of Boston, Stetson of Medford, and Thompson of Salem were nominated, and accepted by the meeting as their committee.

"*Voted*, That the same gentlemen be a committee, to obtain what funds may be needed in procuring signatures and forwarding the reply.

"*Voted*, That the committee be requested to have a sufficient number of copies of the letter, reported to this meeting, printed ; to forward a copy to every Unitarian clergyman in the United States, so far as known, with the request to each that he will return it to the committee with his name subscribed, if he think proper, as soon as may be convenient ; when a reasonable time shall have elapsed, to provide for the engrossing of the letter upon parchment with the names of the several signers appended ; and to forward it to such destination in Great Britain as the committee may think proper ; and to take any other steps which, in their judgment, are needful.

"*Voted*, That the Secretary communicate a brief abstract of the doings of this meeting to such papers as he may think proper."

THE ANNIVERSARIES IN MAY.—The religious community has already begun to look forward to the last week in May. There seems no reason to believe that the approaching recurrence of our gatherings will awaken less interest, or attract a smaller multitude than the preceding. Indeed the interest in such occasions very naturally and very perceptibly increases, rather than diminishes. The growing life of the denomination seeks all modes of expression, and the extension of its limits enlarges its sympathies, making them at the same time more intense and active. All who have participated in the social pleasures of the *Collation*, that has been spread for the three last years, will be gratified to learn that the same festival will be observed this month. The Hall used for the purpose last season is already engaged, we are assured ; and extensive preparations are in progress for the entertainment of as many as desire to be present. Clergymen will obtain their tickets at Wm Crosby's, 118 Washington St.

IGNORANCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Two or three sad evidences have lately fallen under our notice of the lamentable distance at which men and women stand from a simple and right understanding of the Bible. The *Christian Watchman*, under the not inappropriate title of "Another stream of fog," tells us of proposals just issued by a lady living in McDougal street, New York, for publishing in numbers a work called, "The Old Testament unveiled, or the Gospel as preached by Moses." Judging by her summary, the theory of types is to have a most extraordinary impulse given it.—Samuel Hall, of Boston, has just put forth a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, with the title, "A Revelation from God out of the Scriptures, to settle the long disputed doctrines which hinder Christians from working together in love." He says in his preface, he has received this Revelation, "by the light of God's Spirit shewing him the true meaning of the Scriptures." Here is the first sentence: "Christ after the flesh, is Enoch, who is the first begotten of the dead; that is, of the spiritual death which Adam died"!—Mr. Mann, in his late Report to the Board of Education, remarks that the destroyers of toll-gates in Wales, who are known by the name of "Rebeccaites," or "Rebecca and her Daughters," rely for the sanction of their proceedings on Genesis xxiv. 60: "And they blessed Rebecca, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them."

BLACK ROCKITES.—The Washington correspondent of the *Watchman*, who writes letters of much interest, describes a singular little church, in that city, of what are called Black Rockites. He intimates that they are Baptists, and says they are called at the North, Antinomians. They are so remarkable in their theory as to deserve notice. "They are opposed," the writer tells us, "to Missions and Sabbath Schools, and indeed to all human efforts for the conversion of souls, as they say it is taking the work out of God's hands to employ human means." "I heard their preacher use this exhortation, in closing a sermon on the words, 'Lead me unto the rock,' &c.: 'You see we are to be led to the rock. Now, my impenitent friends, perhaps you ask what you are to do. Well, I advise you to stand still and see the glory of God. *Don't you stir a peg.*'" A very thorough consistency, certainly. We have heard of a sect in that region that pass under the name of Hard-Shell Baptists, and are inclined to suspect the *Rockites* are a kindred family. It seems they find standing still either dull or unfruitful, for they disappear rapidly, and gain no proselytes to take their places. Perhaps we ought to say, though it must be unnecessary, that the Baptist denomination wholly repudiate their peculiarities.